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The Horror Movie

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Chapter 1 by alex ander

Once Upon A Time. There Was A Horror House. Who Was Hunted By A Monster. One Day. A Boy Came To House To Take His Ball. Suddenly He Saw A Shadow coming Towards Him. He Though It's Just A Normal Shadow. And Then He Went To Ask About His Ball. He Said. Hello, Can You Give My Ball Back ? He Asked Again But Nobody Reply. Then He Enter To The Room And Shouted And Said. Hello! Anyone There! Hello!. Then Suddenly A Foot Print Appear And The Voice Of Foot Print Heard. He Said Who's There ? Then Again Nobody Reply. Then Suddenly A Glass Bork And The Boy Scared And Asked. To W- Wh- Who's There ? Then Suddenly A Monster Appeared Behind Him And Rooared Then The Boy Scared And Run Away From That House. The Monster Start Attacking Him But The Boy Ran And Went His House And Closed The Door. The Monster Breaks The Door And Eat The Boy.

Chapter 2 by -



The Horror Movie

"Oh come on, that was lame! I wasn't scared at all!" Jerry complained. He was 12 years old and thought he could withstand anything scary.

"I didn't even get goosebumps." Jerry said to his friend, Alex, who had just finished reading the book.

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incorporate them into their videos. Of course that wasn't right, but they were just a few kids testing their creativity skills.

But today, they had allowed a new kid from school to watch what the group did, and if he liked it, he could join. His name was Carl. He was taller than the other boys and liked to be a know-it-all.

Carl got up from his seat and stepped forward. "Seriously! That is your idea of a scary movie?!" He sneered at the other children. "Listen, I'll tell you what. Why don't you all meet at my house tomorrow evening. My parents will be gone... I want to show you all something!"

Jerry looked weary. "Like what?"

"Like a real scary film, I will show you what the true meaning of a Horror Movie is!" And then the club dispersed.

Chapter 3 by daejoy wright



Jerry climbed the hill swiftly, giggling nervously at him daring, as the soft mist of an early evening fog swirled around him. Around him, his friends were scrambling their way through the sand and long grass, heading steadily upward toward the haunted lighthouse on the summit.

When one of Jerry's friends suggested visiting the abandoned lighthouse on the way to Carl's house on top of the ridge between the sea and the harbor, Jerry had felt a pang of warning in his ribs. Folks said that mysterious lights appeared in the darkened windows of the menacing structure, and some swore that moans and shrieks could be heard coming from the top floors of a building in the foggy weather just prior to a storm.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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